# Fron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURL

### WOMAN'S WORK.

DARNING little stockings For restless little feet; Washing little faces
To keep them clean and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons,

Teaching Catechisms, Praying for salvation From heresy and schi-ms-Woman's work! Sewing on the buttons,

Overseeing rations, Soothing with a kind word Others' lamentations; Guiding clumsy Bridgets, Entertaining company, And reading recent books— Woman's work!

Burying out of sight

He own unhealing smarts; Letting in the sunshine On other clouded hearts: Binding up the wounded, Healing of the sick, Bravely marching onward Through dangers dark and thick— Woman's work!

Leading little children
And blessing manhood's years;
Showing to the sintal How God's forgiveness cheers; Scattering sweet roses Along another's path;

Smiling by the wayside, Content with what she hath-Woman's work Letting fall her own tears, When only God can see; Wiping off another's

With tender sympathy; Learning by experience, Teaching by example, Yearning for the gateway, Golden, pearly, ample— Woman's work

At last cometh silence— A day of deep repose; Her locks smoothly braided, Upon her breast a rose; Lushes resting gently Upon the marble cheek;

look of blessed peace Upon a forehead meek! -Richmond Christian Advocate

#### A GRAVEYARD IDYL.

In the summer of 187—, when young Doc-tor Putnam was recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, he used to take short walks in the suburbs of the little provincial town where he lived. He was still weak enough to need a cane, and had to sit down now and then to rest. His favorite haunt was an oldfashioned cemetery lying at the western edge of the alluvial terrace on which the town is

It was a quiet, shady old cemetery, not much disturbed by funerals. Only at rare intervals a fresh heap of earth and a slab of clean marble intruded with their tale of a new and clamorous grief among the sunken mounds and weather-stained tombstones of the ancient sleepers for whom the tears had

One afternoon Putnam was in his accus-tomed seat, whistling softly to himself and cutting his initials into the edge of the bench. The air was breathless, and the sunshine lay so hot on the marshes that it seemed to draw up in a visible steam a briny incense which mingled with the spicy smell of the red cedars. Absorbed in reverie, he failed to notice how the scattered clouds that had been passing across the sky all the afternoon were being gradually reinforced by big fluffy cumuli rolling up from the north, until a rumble overhead and the rustle of a shower in the trees aroused him.

In the center of the grounds was an ancient flower-beds intersected by gravel walks.

This was the nearest shelter, and, as the rain began to patter smartly, Putnam pocketed his knife, turned up his coat-collar and ran for it. Arrived at the garden-house, he found there a group of three persons, driven to harbor from different parts of the cemetery. The shower increased to a storm, the lattices were lashed by the rain and a steady stream poured from the eaves. The althrea and snowberry bushes in the flower-pots, and even the stunted box-edges along the paths, swayed in the wind. It grew quite dark in the summer-house, shaded by two or three old hemlocks, and it was only by the lightning-flashes that Putnam could make out the features of the little company of refugees. They stood in the middle of the building, to avoid the sheets of rain blown in at the doors in gusts, huddling around a pump that was raised on a narrow stone platform—not unlike the daughters of Priam clustered about the great altar in the penetralia: Precipites atra ceu tempestate columbæ.

They consisted of a young girl, an elderly woman with a towel and watering pot, and a workman in overalls, who carried a spade and had perhaps been interrupted in digging a grave. The platform around the pump hardly gave standing room for a fourth. Putnam accordingly took his seat on a toolchest near one of the entrances, and, while the soft spray blew through the lattices over his face and clothes, he watched the effect of the lightning-flashes on the tossing, dripping trees of the cemetery-grounds.

'I have spent the night here often," said the young lady, in an absent voice and as if murmuring to herself.

"You have?" exclaimed Putnam. "Oh,

have seen queer sights. Of course, when the clock struck twelve all the ghosts popped out and sat on their respective tombstones. out and sat on their respective tombstones.

The ghosts in this cemetery must be awfully old fellows. It doesn't look as if they had buried any one here for a hundred and thirty-five years. I've often thought it would be a good idea to inscribe Complet over the gate, as they do on a Paris omnibus. "You speak very lightly of the dead,"
said the young girl in a tone of displeasure
and looking directly at him.
Putnam felt badly snubbed. He was about

attempt an explanation, but her manner indicated that she considered the conversation at an end. She gathered up her skirts and prepared to leave the summer-house. The water had soaked away somewhat into

"Excuse me," said Putnam, advancing desperately and touching his hat, "but I notice that your shoes are thin and the ground is still very wet. I am going right over to High Street, and if I can send you a carriage or anything..."

Thank you, no; I sha'n't need it;" and she stepped off hastily down the walk.
Putnam looked after her till a winding of the path took her out of sight, and then started slowly homeward. "What the deuce started slowly nomeward. "What the deuce could she mean," he pondered as he walked along, "about spending the night in the cemetery? Can she—no she can't—be the gatekeeper's daughter and live in the gate-

house? Anyway, she's mighty pretty."
On the next day he started on his customary walk, and his feet led him involuntarily to the cemetery. As he traversed the path along the edge of the hill he saw in one of the grave lots the heroine of his yesterday's encounter, and a sudden light broke in on him: she was a mourner. And yet how hap-pened it that she wore no black? There was a wooden railing round the inclosure, and within it a single mound and a tombstone of fresh marble. A few cut flowers lay on the grave. She was sitting in a low wicker chair, her hands folded in her lap and her eyes fixed vacantly on the western hills. Putnam now took closer note of her face. It was of a brown paleness. The air of hau-teur given it by the purity of the profile and the almost insolent stare of the large black eyes was contradicted by the sweet, irreso-lute curves of the mouth. At present her

dence was not among Tom Putnam's fail-ings: he felt drawn by an unconquerable sympathy and attraction to speak to her, even at the risk of intruding upon the sa-

"Excuse me, miss," he began, stopping in front of her, "but I want to apologize for what I said yesterday about—about the cemetery. It must have seemed very heartless to you, but I didn't know that you were in mourning when I spoke as I did." "I have forgotten what you said," she an-

"I am glad you have," said Putnam, rather fatuously. There seemed really nothing further to say, but as he lingered for a moment before turning away a perverse rec-ollection surprised him, and he laughed out

She cast a look of strong indignation at him, and rose to her feet.

"Oh, I ask your pardon a thousand times," he exclaimed reddening violently. "Please don't think that I was laughing at any thing don't think that I was laughing at any thing to do with you. The fact is that last idiotic speech of mine reminded me of something that happened day before yesterday. I've been sick, and I met a friend on the street who said, 'I'm glad you're better;' and I answered, 'I'm glad that you're glad that I'm better;' and then he said, 'I'm glad that you're glad that I'm glad that you're glad that I'm glad that you're better'—like the House that Jack Built, you know—and it came over me all of a sudden that —and it came over me all of a sudden that the only way to continue our conversation gracefully would be for you to say, 'I'm glad that you're glad that I've forgotten what you

She had listened impatiently to this naive and somewhat incoherent explanation, and You see that I am alone here and in trouble. I can't imagine what motive you can have for annoying me in this way," her eyes fill-

ing with angry tears.
Putnam was too much pained by the vehemence of her language to attempt any immediate reply. His first impulse was to bow and retire without more words. But a perand retire without more words. But a pertinacity which formed one of his strongest
though perhaps least amiable traits countermanded his impulse, and he said gravely,
"Certainly, I will go at once, but in justice
to myself I must first assure you that I didn't
mean to intrude upon you or annoy you in
any way."

She sank down into her chair and averted

Treckon I need a little rest. Good evening."

Putnam lingered after she was gone. He
codars and sat there for a while. He had not
occupied this seat since his first meeting
with Miss Pinckney in the summer-house,
and the initials which he had whittled on its
edge impressed him as belenging to some bygone stage of his history. This was the first

her face. "You say," he continued, "that you are in trouble, and I beg you to believe that I re-spect your affliction, and that when I spoke to you just now it was simply to ask pardon for having hurt your feelings yesterday, without meaning to, by my light mention of

the dead. I've been too near death's door myself lately to joke about it." He paused, but she remained silent. "I'm going away now," he said softly. "Won't you say that you excuse me, and that you haven't any "Yes, oh yes," she answered wearily: "I have no feelings. Please go away."
Putnam raised his hat respectfully, and went off down the pathway. On reaching the little gate-house he sat down to rest on a bench before the door. The gatekeeper was standing on the threshold in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a pipe. "A nice day after the rain,

sir," he began.
"Yes, it is." "Have you any folks here, sir?"
"No, no one. But I come here sometimes

for a stroll."
"Yes, I've seen you about. Well, it's nice, quiet place for a walk, but the grounds ain't kep' up quite the shape they used to be: there ain't so much occasion for it. Seems as though the buryiu' business was duil, like pretty much every thing else now-

"Yes, that's so," replied Putnam absently.

"Is that the young lady in gray, with black "That's she." "Who is she in mourning for?"
"Well, she ain't exactly in mourning. I guess, from what they say, she hain't got

the money for black bunnets and dresses. poor gal! But it's her brother that's buried ere-last April. He was in the hospital learning the doctor's business when he was "In the hospital? Was he from the South, "Well, that I can't say: like enough he

"Did you say that she is poor?"
"So they was telling me at the funeral. It was a mighty poor funeral too-not more'n a couple of hacks. But you can't tell much from that, with the fashions now-a-days: some of the richest folks buries private like. You don't see no such funerals now as they had ten years back. I've seen fifty kerridges to oust a-comin' in that gate," waving his pipe impressively toward that piece of architecture, "and that was when kerridge-hire was half again as high as it is now. She must have spent a goodly sum in green-house wers, though: fresh boquets 'most every

day she keeps a-fetchin',"
'' Well, good-day," said Putnam, starting

"Good-day, sir."
Putnam had himself just completed his studies at the medical codlege when attacked by fever, and, he now recalled somewhat vaguely a student of the name of Pinckney, and remembered to have heard that he was a Southerner. The gatekeeper's story in-creased the interest which he was beginning murmuring to herself.

"You have?" exclaimed Putnam. "Oh, you slept in the tool-chest, I suppose, on the old lady's shake-down." have seen queer sights. Of course, when the clock struck to himself; and then aloud, "You must have seen queer sights. Of course, when the clock struck to himself; and then aloud, "You must have seen queer sights. Of course, when the clock struck to himself; and then aloud, "You must have seen queer sights. Of course, when the clock struck to himself; and then aloud, "You must have seen queer sights. Of course, when the clock struck to himself; and then aloud, "You must have seen queer sights. Of course, when the clock struck to himself; and then aloud, "You must have seen queer sights. Of course, when the clock struck to himself; and then aloud, "You must have seen queer sights. Of course, when the clock struck to himself; and then aloud, "You must have seen queer sights. Of course, when the foremass the interest which he was beginning to feel in his new acquaintance, and he resolved to follow up his inauspicious beginnings to a better issue. He knew that great delicacy would be needed in making further approaches, and so decided to keep out of next few days he ascertained, by visits to the cemetery and talks with the keeper, that she now seldom visited her brother's grave in

> Putnam read the inscription on the tomb-Memory of Henry Pinckney. Born October 29th, 1852. Died April 27th, 187—;" and under this the text, "If thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him." He noticed with a sudden twinge of pity that the flowers on the grave, though freshly-picked every day, were wild flowers—mostly the common field varieties, with now and then a rarer blossom from wood or swamp, and now and then a garden flower. He gath ered from this that the sister's purse was running low, and that she spent her morn-ings in collecting flowers outside the city. He determined that the shrine of her devotion should not want richer offerings. There was a hot-house on the way from his home to the cemetery, and he now stopped there occasionally of a morning and bought a few roses to lay upon the mound. This continued for a fortnight. One morning as he approached the little grave-lot with his accustomed offerings, he looked up and saw the young girl standing before him. Her eyes were fixed on the flowers in his hand. He colored guiltily and stood still, like a boy caught robbing an orchard. She looked both surprised and embarrassed, but said at once: 'If you are the gentleman who has been putting flowers on my brother's grave, I

thank you for his sake, but—"
She paused, and he broke in: "I ought to explain, Miss Pinckney, that I have a better right than you think, perhaps, to bring these flowers here: I was a fellow-student with your brother in the medical school." Her expression changed immediately. "Oh, did you know my brother?" she asked,

eagerly.

He felt like a wretched hypocrite as he answered, "Yes, I knew him, though not intimately, exactly. But I took—I take—a very strong interest in him." "Évery one loved Henry who knew him," she said, "but his class have all been graduated and gone away, and he made few friends, because he was so shy. No one comes near him now but me."

"May I come sometimes?"

"You may come if you wish to visit Heneyes was contradicted by the sweet, freso-lute curves of the mouth. At present her look expressed only a profound apathy. As he approached her eyes turned toward him, but seemingly without recognition. Diffi-friends do more for him than I can."

To the wish of visit and steel. He sate in the step interest at high, and grew restless and irritable. He had never confided his experience even to his mother: it seemed to him something apart.

One afternoon toward the middle of No-

Pinckney." He bowed and walked away.
Putnam availed himself discreetly of the
permission given. He came occasionally of
an afternoon, and sat for an hour at a time.
Usually she sa d little. Her silence appeared to proceed not from reserve, but

from dejection. Sometimes she spoke of her brother. Putnam learned that he had been her only near relative. Their parents had died in her childhood, and she had come North with her brother when he entered the North with her brother when he entered the medical school. From something that she once said Putham inferred that her brother had owned an annuity which died with him, and that she had been left with little or nothing. They had few acquaintances in the North, almost none in the city. An aunt in the South had offered her a bome, and she was going there in the fall. She looked forward with dread to the time of her departure.

One day the two were sitting, as usual, in One day the two were sitting, as usual, in silence or speaking but rarely. It was a day in the very core of summer, and the life of Nature was at its flood. The shadows of the trees rested so heavy and motionless on the grass that they appeared to sink into it and weigh it down like palpable substances.

"I feel, said Putnam, suddenly, "as though I should live for ever."

"Did you ever doubt it." she asked.

though I should live for ever."

"Did you ever doubt it," she asked.

"Oh, I mean here—ici bas—in the body. I can't conceive of death or of a spiritual existence on such a day as this."

"There is nothing here to live for," she said wearily. Presently she added, "This hot glare makes me sick; I wish those me I

would stop hammering on the bridge. I wish I could die and get away into the dark."

dark."

'I hope," he began anxiously, "that you are not feeling sick; you spoke just now of being oppressed by the heat. Excuse me for staying so long."

'Oh no," she answered, "I'm not sick. I reckon I need a little rest. Good even-

gone stage of his history. This was the first time that she had questioned him about him-self. His sympathy had won her confidence, but she had treated him hitherto in an impersonal way, as something tributary to her brother's memory, like the tombstone or the flowers on his grave. The suspicion that he was seeking her for own sake had not, so far as Putnam could discover, ever entered

But in the course of their next few interviews there came a change in her behavior. The simplicity and unconsciousness of her sorrow had become complicated with some other feeling. He caught her looking at him narrowly once or twice, and when he looked hard at her there was visible in her manner a soft agitation—something which in a girl of more sanguine complexion might have been interpreted as a blush. She sometimes suffered herself to be coaxed a little way into talking of things remote from the subject of her sorrow. Occasionally she questioned Putnam shyly about himself, and he needed but slight encouragement to wax confi-dential. She listened quietly to his experi-ences, and even smiled now and then at something that he said. His heart beat high with triumph; he fancied that he was leading her slowly up out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But the upward path was a steep one. She had many sudden relapses and changes of mood. Putnam divined that she felt her grief loesening its tight hold on her and slip-The gatekeeper spat reflectively upon the center of the doorstep, and resumed:
"There's some that comes here quite reg'lar, but they mostly have folks here. There's demeanor betokened a passionate self-reold Mrs. Lyon comes very steady, and there's young Miss Pinckney: she's one of the most ly of wronging her brother and profaning his receller." tomb in allowing more cheerful thoughts to blunt the edge of her bereavement. He remarked also that her eyes were often red from weeping. There sometimes mingled with her remorse a plain resentment toward himself. At such times she would hardly speak to him, and the slightest gayety or even cheerfulness on his part was received as downright heartlessness. He made a practice, therefore, of withdrawing at once henever he found her in this frame of

mind. One day they had been sitting long to-gether. She had appeared unusually con-tent, but had spoken little. The struggle in her heart had perhaps worn itself out for the present, and she had yielded to the warm current of life and hope which was bearing her back into the sunshine.

Putnam stopped talking abruptly, but presently said, "You have not asked me for your fuchsias."

She stood still and held out her hand for "I thought you might be meaning to let me keep them," said Putnam. His heart beat fast and his voice trembled as he continued: "Perhaps you thought that what said a while ago was said in a joke, but I

mean it in real carnest. "Mean what?" she asked, faintly.
"Don't you know what I mean?" he said, coming nearer and taking her hand. "Shall I tell you, darling?"

"Oh, please don't! Oh, I think I know. Not here-not now. Give me the flowers, she said, disengaging her hand, "and I will put them on Henry's grave."
He handed them to her and said, "I won't go on now if it troubles you; but tell me

first—I am going away to-morrow, and shan't be back till October—shall I find you here then, and may I speak then?" "I shall be here till winter." "And may I speak then?"

"And will you listen?"

"Then I can wait." They moved on again along the cemeterywalks. Putnam felt an exultation that he could not suppress. In spite of her lan-guage, her face and the tone of her voice had betrayed her. He knew that she cared

On the morrow he was to start for the mountains. He visited the cemetery in the morning, but Miss Pinckney was not there. He did not know her address, nor could the gatekeeper inform him; and in the afternoon he set out on his journey with many misgiv-

It was early October when Putnam re turned to the city. He went at once to the cemetery, but on reaching the grave his heart sank at the sight of a bunch of wither-ed flowers which must have lain many days upon the mound. The blossoms were black and the stalks brittle and dry. "Can she have changed her mind and gone South al-ready?" he asked himself.

There was a new sexton in the gatehouse who could tell him nothing about her. He who could tell him nothing about her. He wandered through the grounds, looking for the old woman with the watering-pot, but the season had grown cold, and she had probably ceased her gardening operations for the year. He continued his walk beyond the marshes. The woods had grown rusty and the sandy pastures outside the city were ringing with the incessant creak of grasshoppers, which rose in clouds under his feet as he brushed through the thin grass. The blue-curl and the life-everlasting distilled their pungent aroma in the autumn sunshine.

tumn sunshine. Soon after arriving at the hills he had written to Miss Pinckney a long letter of ex-planations and avowals, but he did know the number of her lodgings, or, oddly enough, even her Christian name, and the letter had been returned to him unopened. The next month was one of the unhappiest in Putmonth was one of the unhappiest in Putnam's life. On returning to the city, thoroughly restored in health, he had opened an office, but found it impossible to devote himself quietly to the duties of his profession. He visited the cemetery at all hours, but without success. He took to wandering about in remote quarters and back streets of the town, and eyed sharply every female figure that passed him in the twilight, especially if it walked quickly or wore a veil. He slept little at night, and grew restless and irritable. He had never confided his experience even to his mother: it seemed

"I won't bring any more, of course, if it vember he was returning homeward weary troubles you, and I thank you very much for and dejected from a wark in the suburbs. letting me come. Good morning, Miss His way led across an uninclosed outskirt of the town which served as a common to the poor people of the neighborhood. It was traversed by a score of footpaths, and frequented by goats, and by ducks that dabbled in the puddles of rain-water collected in the hollows. Halfway across this open tract stood what had formerly been an old-fashioned country house, now converted into tract stood what had formerly been an old-fashioned country house, now converted into a soap-boiling establishment. Around this was a clump of old pine trees, the remnant of a grove which had once flourished in the sandy soil. There was something in the desolation of the place that flattered Putnam's mood, and he stopped to take it in. The air was dusk, but embers of an angry sunset burned low in the west. A cold wind made a sound in the pine-tops like the beating of surf on a distant shore. A flock of little winter birds flew suddenly up from the ground into one of the trees, like a flight of gray leaves whirled up by a gust. As Putgray leaves whirled up by a gust. As Put-nam turned to look at them he saw, against the strip of sunset along the horizon, the slim figure of a girl walking rapidly toward the opposite side of the common. His heart gave a great leap, and he started after her on a run. At a corner of the open ground the figure vanished, nor could Putnam deeide into which of two or three small streets she had turned. He ran down one and up another, but met no one except a few laborers coming home from work, and finally gave up the quest. But this momentary glimpse produced in him a new excitement. He felt sure that he had not been mistaken; he knew the swift, graceful step, the slight form bending in the wind. He fancied that he had even recognized the poise and shape of the little head. He imagined, too, that he had not been unobserved, and that she had some reason for avoiding him. For a week or more he haunted the vicinity of the common, but without result. December was already drawing to an end when he re-

ceived the following note: DEAR MR. PUTNAM: You must forgive me DEAR MR. PUTNAM: You must forgive me for running away from you the other evening: I am right—am I not?—in supposing that you saw and recognized me. It was rude in me not to wait, but I had not courage to talk with any one just then. Perhaps I should have seen you before at the cemetery—if you still walk there—but I have been sick and have not been there for a long time. I was only out for the first time when I saw you last Friday. My aunt has sent for me, and I am going South in a few days. I shall leave directions to have this posted to you as soon as I am gone.

I promised to be here when you came back, and I write this to thank you for your kind interest in me and to explain why I go away without seeing you again. I think that I know what you wanted to ask me that day that we went to the green-house, and perhaps under happier circumstances I could have given you the answer which you wished. But I have seen so much sorrow, and am of such a gloomy disposition, that I am not fit for cheerful society, and I know you would regret your choice.

I shall think very often and very gratefully of you, and shall not forget the words on that little German baby's grave-stone. Good-by. IMOGEN PINCKNEY.

Putnam felt stunned and benumbed on first reading this letter. Then he read it over mechanically two or three times. The date was a month old, but the postmark showed that it had just been mailed. She must have postponed her departure somemust have postponed her departure some-what after writing it, or the person with whom it had been left had neglected to post it till now. He felt a sudden oppression and need of air, and taking his hat left the house. It was evening, and the first snow of the season lay deep on the ground. Anger and grief divided his heart. "It's too bad! too bad!" he murmured, with tears in his eyes; "she might have given me one chance to "she might have given me one chance to speak. She hasn't been fair to me. What's the matter with her, anyhow? She has brooded and brooded till she is downright melancholy-mad;" and then, with a revul-sion of feeling, "My poor darling girl! Here she has been, sick and alone, sitting day after day in that cursed graveyard. I ought never to have gone to the mountains; I ought to have stayed. I might have known how it would turn out. Well, it's all over

now, I suppose."

He had taken, half-unconsciously, the direction of the cemetery, and now found himself at the entrance. The gate was locked, but he climbed over the wall and waded through the snow to the spot where he had sat with her so many summer afternoons. The wicker chair was buried out of sight in a drift. A scarcely visible undula-tion in the white level marked the position of the mound, and the headstone had a snow-cap. The cedars stood black in the dim moonlight, and the icy coating of their boughs rattled like candelabra. He stood a few moments near the railing, and then tore the letter into fragments and threw them on the snow. "There! good-by, good by!" he said, bitterly, as the wind carried them skat-

ing away over the crust.

But what was that? The moon cast a shadow of Henry Pinckney's headstone on the snow, but what was that other and similar shadow beyond it? Putnam had been standing edgewise to the slab; he shifted his position now and saw a second stone and a second mound side by side with the first. An awful faintness and trembling seized him as he approached it and bent his head close down to the marble. The jagged shadows of the cedar-branches played across the sur-face, but by the uncertain light he could read the name "Imogen Pinckney," and below it the inscription, "Wir hoffen auf Wiederschen."—Henry A. Beers, in Lippincott's Magazine.

# Novelties in Paper Making.

ONE of the successful novelties into which straw paper is worked up is the States in which religious periodicals are cork and corrugated paper. The cork | not printed. and corrugated paper consists of straw paper or board, on which is placed granulated cork, the cork being fastened to the surface of the strawboard by a heavy sizing. Substitute cork for sand interests: as you look at sand paper, and you will have an idea of the appearance of cork paper. The article is corrugated as desired. It is used largely as a packing for a great variety of bottled merchandise, being substituted for straw. The manufacturers buy their straw paper in from fifty to seventy-five ton lots. Another important use for strawboard has been developed in the past few years in the manufacture of round paper boxes, the peculiarity of which is that the heads or covers are of one piece, instead of consisting of a disc and a rim such as is seen, for instance, in the ordinary pill-box cover. The covers and botoms, being of the same form, are made by the same machine, and with greater rapidity and accuracy. The body of the box is cut from paper tubes rolled for the purpose, of any desired size; the heads and bottoms are adjusted, and the box is complete. - Paper World.

THE champagne vintage of 1874 was one of the finest on record, both in quality and quantity, and the viticulturists of the Marne unhesitatingly pronounced it the vin anglais par excelle Just such another wine in point of quality is now on the eve of being vintaged on the declivities of the mountain of Rheims, and on the sunny slope over-looking the River Marne. Unfortunately, however, the yield will be the smallest that has been known for many years past. Such a condition of things seldom presents itself, for in the champagne quality and quantity usually go together.

An effort is on foot at Washington to procure the assembling there of a world's convention to promote international arbitration, Sept. 3, 1883, the centennial of the acknowledgment of American in-

### Notes About Newspapers.

THE New York Sun has gleaned the following interesting facts from a re-cent issue of a Newspaper Directory: There are 9,723 newspapers and peri-odicals published in the United States.

Eight hundred and forty-three are daily newspapers, 58 are tri-weekly, 120 semiweekly, 7,590 weekly, 43 bi-weekly, 123 semi-monthly, 868 monthly, 14 bi-monthly, and 55 quarterly. The six States credited with the largest number of publications are scheduled in regular or-

der: 
 States.
 Dailies

 New York.
 113

 Pennsylvania.
 87

 Illinois.
 67

 Ohio.
 48

 Iowa.
 28

 Indiana.
 36
 Dailies, Weeklies, Others. Total 392 137 115 86 30 31 The six States credited with the smallest number of publications are:

Delaware ...... 4 Nevada ...... 13 Florida..... Rhode Island.... regon..... Vermont..... Nevada is the only State in the Union in which the daily publications outnum-

States.

Dailies, Weeklies, Others, Total

ber the weekly. The number of newspapers printed in the United States in foreign languages is as follows:

 
 German
 445 Bohennan

 French
 30 Portuguese

 Scandinavian
 27 Polish

 Spanish
 24 Hebrew

 Hollandish
 9 Cherokee
 Italian 4 Total 558 The German newspapers are distrib-

uted among the States as follows: California.... 1 Colorado.... 0 Connecticut.. 1 1 Nebraska... 0 4 New Jersey. 2 1 New York...11 1 Ohio...... 9 56 Oregon.... 0 Delaware ..... Georgia..... Illinois..... 22 Pennsylvunia 9 21 Rhode Island 0 7 S. Carolina... 0 ndiana ..... 3 owa ...... Kansas..... Kentucky ..... 2 6 Tennessee .... Louisiana ..... 2 Texas...... 2 6 Virginia.... 2 1 W. Virginia... 0 faryland..... sachusetts ( Michigan..... 2

Louisiana has the lead in French newspapers. She prints 14, including one daily. Massachusetts is next, with five weeklies, and New York is third, with two dailies and a weekly. Illinois heads the Scandinavian list, with 12 weekly and monthly publications. Min-nesota has five and New York three. New York leads the Spanish column with 8 newspapers, New Mexico is sec-ond with 5, and Texas and California each, have 4. The only Spanish daily in the United States is printed in San Francisco. Of the 9 Hollandish newspapers, 6 are published in Michigan, 2 in Iowa, and 1 in Wisconsin. Three of the four Italian journals are printed in California, and 3 of the 4 Welsh in New

religious newspapers published in the purpose of securing the child for adop-

United States, distributed thus:
Alabama 2 Missouri Arkansas 1 Nebraska
California11 New Hampshire
Connecticut 3 New York
Delaware 1 North Carolina
Georgia 7 Ohio
Illinois35 Oregon
Indiana 5 Pennsylvania Iowa 6 South Carolina
Kansas 3 Tennessee
Kentucky13 Texas
Louisiana 6 Vermont
Maryland10 West Virginia
Massachusetts23 Wisconsin
Michigan 8 New Mexico
Minnesota 2 Utah
Mississippi 2
The following table shows the nur

ber of newspapers	published	by eac
religious denominati	on:	
No. of		No.
Denominations. Pubs.	Denominati	one Put
Catholic62	Anti-Roman	lat.
Evangelical49	Jowieh	
Baptist	United Broth	ren
Primitive Rentist 9	Christian	
Primitive Baptist 2 Seventh-Day Baptist. 1	Church of G	od
Free Baptist 1	Disciples	
Methodist42	Primitive Ch	ristian.
Methodist Episcopal. 13	Liberal Chri	stian
Methodist Protestant 2	Second Adv	ent
Presbyterian35	Unitarian	
Cumberl'd Presbyt'n, 1	Church of C	hrist
Congregational 8	Primitive Cl	rist'n'y
Congr. Methodist 1	Universalist	
Lutheran	Spiritualist.	
Reformed Church10	Swedenborg	ian
Dutch Ref. Church 1	Mennonite	
Unsectarian21	Radical	
Non-sectarian 2	Friends	*******
Anti-sectarian 1	Moravian	********
Episcopal 18	Shakers	*********
Protestant Episcopal. 7	Brethren	********
Reformed Episcopal., 3	Latter Day	Saints
Protestant	Anti-Secret	Soc
Planida and Non	ada ara t	ha anl

Florida and Nevada are the only Forty-four religious newspapers are

printed in foreign languages.
Other periodicals mentioned in the Directory are devoted to the following

Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, Nebraska and Mississippi each publishes as many agricultural as re-ligious periodicals, and Minnesota twice as many.

# The Right to Criticise the Judiciary.

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has just rendered a decision of greatimportance to the bench, the bar, and the press. In January last the Lancaster Intelligencer published an article charging that the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions in Lancaster County had decided a certain case wrongfully from motives of political partisanship. The editors were both members of the bar. They were ordered by the Court of Quarter Sessions to show cause why they should not be disbarred for contempt of court in making this publication. They duly appeared and avowed times daily after each meal. He comes tion. They duly appeared and avowed their responsibility for the article and their readiness to make good the charge before a jury, saying that it was published solely in their capacity as conductors of a newspaper, in good faith, with-

review the conviction was then sued ou of the Supreme Court, before which the case was argued by able counsel, among whom was Alexander K. McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, in behalf of the

appellants. The Court has now unanimously reversed the summary conviction for con-tempt, and has ordered that the editors tempt, and has ordered that the editors of the Lancaster Intelligencer be restored to the bar. If their publication concerning the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions was libelous, they can only be punished therefore in an action triable before a jury; and they have proclaimed their ability to establish the truth of the charges which they made whenever required to do so in such a proceeding. But an attorney can not be summarily disbarred for publishing with good motives and for justifiable ends that which he believes to be true about the judiciary.

about the judiciary.
Indeed, Chief Justice Sharswood, who delivers the opinion of the Court, goes much further than this, and holds that, under our elective system, attorneys are bound to make public any acts which they believe to constitute judicial misconduct. He says:

conduct. He says:

"It is now the right and duty of a lawyer to bring to the notice of the public, who elect the Judges, every instance of ,what he believes to be corruption or partisanship. No class of the community ought to be allowed freer scope in the expression or publication of opinion as to the capacity, impartiality, or integrity of Judges than members of the bar. They have the best opportunities of observing and forming a correct judgment. They are in constant attendance on the courts. Hundreds of those who on the courts. Hundreds of those who are called on to vote never enter a court room, or if they do it is only at intervals as jurors, witnesses, or parties. To say that an attorney can only act or speak on this subject under liability to be called to account, and to be deprived of his profession and livelihood by the very Judge or Judges whom he may consider it his duty to attack and expose, is a position too monstrous to be entertained for a moment under our present system."

#### Selling a Child-A Girl Fourteen Year Old Offered for \$600.

A CURIOUS scheme for raising money by the virtual sale of a child nearly 14 years of age, says the Philadelphia Press, was unearthed yesterday by a Press reporter. On Wednesday last the following advertisement appeared in the New York Herald:

A DOPTION—Amiable, prepossessing Ameri-and excellent child's nurse; full surrender; financial misfortune requires adopted parents to reside abroad; respectable persons willing to pay now for her future services address Mrs. Carrie Newton, Philadelphia; references exchanged.

York. The 2 Polish newspapers are credited to Illinois, and she claims 3 of the 9 Bohemian journals. The only Portuguese newspaper in the United States is printed in Erie, Pa.

The Directory gives the titles of 421

The Directory gives the titles of 421 tion, and the following facts were elicited: Mrs. Brown, who hails from the State of Indiana, has been in this city for nearly a year, during which time her husband has been out of employ-ment. She brought from her Western home a rosy-cheeked, healthy-looking child, which she had adopted as her own before coming East. Owing to financial difficulties, and the want of any income from her husband, Mrs. Brown stated that it had become an imperative necessity for her to dispose of her foster child for a cash consideration,

which she places at \$600. "I am very sorry to part with her," said she, "but as my husband and myself intend to leave this part of the country next week, and as we can not afford to take the child with us, I want to se-cure for her a good home before we go. Her name is Frances Leota Morris. She was born in June, 1867, in the State of Indiana, from whence her parents removed to the city of Milwankee, in Wisconsin, taking their daughter with them.
Two more children—a boy and a girl—were born there. Four years ago the mother died, and after this event, the father, who had never exhibited any re-markable love for his offspring, placed them in an orphan asylum. It is sup-posed that he went further West. I saw the girl in the asylum and took quite a fancy to her. As we had no children of our own my husband and I agreed to adopt Frances, and we took her from the institution. No legal form was gone through to secure her. We merely promised to give the child a good home, and that was sufficient to satisfy the officials having her in charge. Now that we need money, and as there are, no doubt, many people who would be glad to have such a nice looking child, we have concluded to surrender her to any one who will guarantee a good, moral home and pay a reasonable sum for her services in advance. Six hun-dred dollars, you know, is less than \$1.75 a week from now until she is 21 years of age."

Frances Leota was called up from the cellar kitchen. She came shyly up the steps, with a baby in her arms, which Mrs. Brown said was her own. The girl's face was rosy and dimpled, her features regular and inclined to roundness, and a pair of dark hazel eyes com-pleted a rather pretty face. She was very bashful, and answered only in mo-nosyllables when questioned. Last night Mrs. Brown removed from

No. 607 South Ninth Street to a house on South Eleventh Street, where she proposes to remain for a week probably or at least until her charge is disposed of at a remunerative figure. She claims to have received a number of good offers for the child, all possessing pecuniary advantages for herself.

An English physician stationed in Formosa says: "The Chinese make, on the whole, very good patients. Occa-sionally some of them try our patience back next morning for more, thinking to flatter you by stating that he drank the former quantity at one dose. Another has his arm carefully put up in splints, and on his next visit he brings out malice, and for the public good.

Notwithstanding this defense, the Court of Quarter Sessions adjudged them guilty of professional misbehavior, and ordered their names stricken from the roll of attorneys. A writ of error to